Northern Messenger

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'The "Messenger" is far superior to anything I know of for the Sunday School.'—W. Ruddy, Toronto, Ont.

W Bronscombe 30 Sept 09

Gerard Mercator.

(J. F. C., in 'Chatterbox.')

When a ship is ploughing her way through the vast ocean, and the Captain asks himself the questions, 'Where am I? Whither am I sailing?' he goes to his chart on 'Mercator's projection,' which is his inseparable companion; and when any seaman has to undergo his examination for a pilot, one of the first questions put to him is, whether he understands navigation according to Mercator's principles?

Mercator's real name was Kiemer, which means merchant, or shopkeeper, and which, according to the fashion of those days, he translated into Latin. He was born in 1512, at a small town in Flanders, where his parents, who were Germans, happened to be on a visit. Gerard Mercator was educated and passed the greater portion of his life in Germany, but Flemings and Germans both claim him as belonging to their own nation. He was educated at a school of Christian brothers at Herzogenbusch. Here was laid the foundation of that piety which ever after so distinguished Mercator. He afterwards studied at the University of Louvain, which he left suddenly after taking his bachelor's degree, being pained by the infidel tendency of the instruction given there. He devoted himself now to the study of Holy Scripture, but taught mathematics in the schools.

When he was twenty-four, he married Bactara Schelleken of Louvain, and he soon had to provide for a family. He now turned his attention to practical mechanical works; he learned, too, how to engrave maps, and as the fruit of his Biblical labors, published, in 1537, a map of Palestine, which was shortly after followed by one of Flanders. As the Gothic characters, then always used in printing, were very unsuited to maps, Mercator introduced his first reform and adopted the Latin characters, which, since then, have been generally used in all maps. His mechanical

GERARD MERCATOR.

labors, too, found a favorable reception; and splendid globes, as well as other works of art which he constructed for the Regent Granvela, as well as for the Emperor Charles V., proved his extraordinary talent in this department also.

In 1554 there was a sad interlude in the quiet life of this studious man. When on a journey undertaken to receive some money left him by an uncle, he was arrested by the Governor of Brabant and thrown into prison, being accused of heresy. Though he was quite innocent, Mercator was kept in the strictest confinement, and did not obtain his freedom for three months. This unjust imprisonment made a deep impression on his mind, and for a long time he lived in constant fear of persecution from his enemies.

Mercator now continued his studies. In a letter which he wrote to the Bishop of Arras, in 1546, he explained the variations of the magnetic needle which Columbus had observed in 1492, but which had not till then been clearly understood. It was Mercator, too, who laid the foundations of the theory of the magnetism of the earth, and calculated the situation of the magnetic pole, the fixed position of which he considered of great importance. In our picture, which is taken from an old copper-plate, Mercator is represented with a globe at his side, upon which he is pointing to the magnetic pole with his compasses.

In 1552, Mercator left Louvain and settled at Duisburg, in Germany, where most of his great works were undertaken. The first of these after his settlement at Duisburg, was his large map of Europe, which unfortunately is only preserved to us in a copy reduced to a very small scale; this laid the foundation of his fame as the first geographer of his day. For three years, as teacher of mathematics, he was the ornament of the University of Duisburg. His renown continued to spread everywhere; and when in 1564, the Duke of Lorraine wished his country surveyed, and a map of it drawn, he sent for the celebrated Duisburg geographer. Mercator was a man of most versatile genius; he was an astronomer, a chronologian, distinguished as a writer of history and theology, as a draughtsman of maps, an engraver on copper, as a mechanic and a mathematician. But he considered all these branches of knowledge only as foundation-stones for his 'Cosmography—a description of the world,' which was to be a complete history of the heavens, the earth, and the human race, but of which only one portion—the 'Chronology,' appeared in 1568, and was received with universal approbation. It contained a complete harmony of the Gospels.

This work, owing to the small amount of historical and astronomical knowledge possessed by the period, was only valuable to the age in which it was produced; but Mercator's publication of his map of the world in 1569, was an era in the history of geography and navigation. Since the invention of the mariner's compass, navigation had become so far safe, that the sailor could venture out into the open sea, but the maps in which his course was marked often proved perfectly useless, no chart was of much assistance till Mercator solved the riddle. In the letter-press which was published with his map, Mercator explains the principles on which it was drawn out, with a view to spread out the globe as if it were in reality a flat surface, so that the position of all the different points should not only be correct according to latitude and longitude, but also as regarded their relative positions, and that the shape of the various countries should also be as similar to those on the globe as it was possible to make them. To effect this, he gradually enlarged the distance between the degrees of latitude as they approached the poles, diminishing them as they neared the equator. Not only to the mariner was 'Mercator's projection' one of the greatest boons which geometrical

science ever bestowed upon him, but it is the only map upon which the world can be seen at one view with each place lying in its proper direction.

Mercator continued to work on bravely; everything which he did bore the stamp of genius. For a quarter of a century he labored in the production of a collection of maps of all the countries in the world—but he did not survive to see it completed. He died on the 2nd December, 1594, at the advanced age of eighty-two. His last words were a request to the clergyman to pray for him. He was buried in the church of S. Saviour, at Duisburg.

His son Rumold walked in his father's footsteps. He completed the collection of maps which he published in 1595, under the title of 'Atlas,' which his father had chosen for his work, and which ever since has been universally applied to a book of maps.

The people of Duisburg erected a statue of Mercator in their town, to show how highly they valued his merits.

Victorian Indian Orphan Society.

For the benefit of those who are not familiar with the work of the V.I.O.S. we are giving a brief account of the work from the beginning. The Society is interdenominational and has its headquarters in Winnipeg, while its field of labor is among the famine children in India.

The terrible famine of 1877 and 1800 which appalled the whole civilized world, and appealed so strongly to the most ordinary feelings of humanity, roused the deepest compassion for the starving millions and afforded an opportunity to rescue a number of children whose parents had perished. Unknown to us, in the midst of the direst distress and want missionaries were praying for the very help we have since rendered, and we at home were honored by the Master in being made the instruments through which these prayers were answered and permitted to rescue some of the poor famishing little ones. God truly works in a mysterious way His wonders to perform, and He tries the reins and the hearts of men, for it was not easy to help in those days. Times were hard, and the distance was great. Oh! how far away seemed the places to which we thought of sending aid, and the cry there are plenty at home who require our help, was ever in our ears as it always is even at the present day. In order to make any headway at all a great deal of self-denial had to be practical by our members to enable us to contribute funds for the end we had in view. With the aid of the Missionary Society of the Presbyterian Church in Canada, we were enabled very soon to have a hundred children. Their aid took the form of allowing two of their missionaries who were already on the spot to take upon themselves the additional work of caring for the children free of charge, which enabled us to use all the funds collected towards maintaining the children, building an orphanage and carrying on the work without having the expense of paying for a missionary.

Deeply grateful we feel to the two missionaries referred to above, the Rev. Frank Russell and Dr. Margaret O'Hara who have never spared themselves day or night in caring for and training these heathen children. The children were starving, dying. What we wanted was to save them and give them the knowledge of Christ as their Redeemer. Many have passed through the school, some have become teachers while a number have been married to Christians, as they are not allowed to marry otherwise, and so have formed Christian homes and the Society has not permitted too early marriages. The great spiritual awakening which passed over many parts of India lately was strongly manifested among the children of the Orphanage. Their power for memorizing Scripture is amazing and would put us to the blush. Some have gone to help others more unfortunate than themselves, we refer to the poor lepers, and we are now establishing an Industrial Home, and so our work is going on and branching out. Our Father has graciously smiled upon this work, it has continued to progress.

In a recent letter from Dr. O'Hara, she reports that at the close of the year 1908 there were 58 girls in the Orphanage, two of this number were married this year.

In the early summer of 1908, owing to the high prices of food in India, the Society sent out fifty dollars per month extra for three months, and it was gladly received.

In July the rains came and corn was planted which was a great help as it grows and ripens quickly. With the extreme heat came malaria and a number of the children were ill, but all recovered. During the time of scarcity eight new girls came into the Orphanage, but four of these were withdrawn by their relatives, four remain, and the year closed with sixty girls, and ten boys in the boys' department.

The report of the All India Sunday School Examinations shows that our children have again met with great success, nearly all passing. One of the girls who attend the Orphanage School went to Bombay to write on her examination and passed receiving a medal, also one of those writing in Dhar received a medal, one boy, Galyia by name, took 70 percent while a number of the girls took high marks. The children are usually contented and happy and speak in such grateful terms of the kindness and care shown them.

Another branch of our work is the supporting of native Evangelists, two of whom are kept by friends of the Society at $60.00 a year each, while another friend sends money for a Bible-woman at $32.00 per year. The membership fee is $1.00 a year, membership with 'Northern Messenger,' $1.25, while $17.00 per year with membership, total $18.00, will keep a child.

All wishing to join in this interesting work kindly communicate with the Secretary Treasurer,

Mrs. A. T. Taylor,
205 Maryland Street,
Winnipeg.

The Devil's Old Men.

I met a man one day on his way to the place where prayer was wont to be made. He had just passed the milestone of his life labelled 'Seventy years.' His back was bent, his limbs trembled beside his staff, his clothes were old, his voice was husky, his hair was white, his eye was dim, and his face was furrowed. Withal, he seemed still fond of life and full of gladness, not at all put out with his lot. He hummed the tunes of a familiar hymn as his legs and cane carried him along.

'Aged friend,' said I, 'why should an old man be merry.'

'All are not,' said he.

'Well, why then should you be merry?'

'Because I belong to the Lord.'

'Are none others happy at your time of life?'

'No, not one, my friendly questioner,' said he; and as he said more his form straightened into the stature of his younger days, and something of inspiration set a beautiful glow across his countenance.

'Listen, please, to the truth from one who knows; then wing it around the world, and no man of my threescore years and ten shall be found to gainsay my words: The devil has no happy old men!'—Tract.

Religious News.

'On my first visit to the Mohammedan quarter of this city, after returning from furlough, I sold more than forty Chinese Gospels in an hour; these were bought by the rank and file of Moslems outside the mosques, who understand no Arabic. But the Chinese Gospels are within their reach; for although rice and food stuffs are terribly dear, owing to a succession of bad crops, we are able to sell the small Chinese Gospels at the rate of twenty-five copies for 3d. The Light is spreading; and whether by the sales of the Chinese Gospels, or by the gift to 'mollahs,' priests, and students of the more highly priced Arabic Gospels, we are striving to lead these poor deluded Moslems to "the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world."'—'The Bible in the World.'

The Welsh colonists in Patagonia are by no means unmindful of their hereditary connection with the Bible Society. There are several Welsh churches among them, and we have just received in London a generous contribution from two Calvinistic Methodist congregations in the settlement on the River Chubut. The church at Glan Alaw sends £7 12s. 4d., and the church at Bryn Gwyn sends £18 16s. 4d., in addition to a remittance for a number of Welsh Bibles and Testaments which are being dispatched to our friends in this remote region for their Sunday-school. The colonists themselves speak Welsh and English; their children are being brought up to speak Welsh and Spanish.

There is a Chinese anti-opium league in Honolulu, Hawaii, which is uniting its efforts with the anti-opium crusade in the Celestial Empire. It has been busy obtaining facts about the use of opium in Hawaii, of which the following is a summary: There are 98 places in Honolulu alone for smoking opium; there are 14 importers of opium, who import each year about 400 boxes; there are about 2,500 Chinese who smoke opium, about 38 American men and women and over 30 Hawaiians. On the plantations and at other places in Hawaii, there are many who use the drug. These facts indicate that the United States Government needs to enact some anti-opium legislation.

Few people realize that the Chinese empire embraces in its immense population a multitude of Moslems. According to the 'Statesman's Year Book,' there are 'probably about 30,000,000 Mohammedans' in China, chiefly in the northwest.

Writing from Yunnanfu—2,000 miles inland from the eastern coast of China, the Rev. F. Herbert Rhodes says: 'I note that your Society has very kindly granted us 25 Bibles and 500 Gospels in Arabic. These will all be employed, God willing, for the sole use of Moslem priests and students at the mosques. In Yunnanfu, which is a Mohammedan center, we have access to many mosques. Moslem leaders and 'mollahs' visit us here, and urgent requests for Portions of Scripture in Arabic come from mosques as far distant as thirty days' journey away. I have long desired to place an Arabic copy of the Word of God in each of the principal mosques. Some years ago I did this in one Moslem stronghold, and since then I have often been asked by some 'mollah' or other for an Arabic Bible, but have always had to refuse. My own copy I keep for the use of visitors, and have marked it so as to be able to turn up Old Testament predictions of our Lord Jesus Christ for the benefit of Arabic scholars.

Acknowledgments.

LABRADOR FUND.

Received for the launch:—Ida, Stanley and Gordon MacKenzie, Black Cape, P.Que., $1.00; A. B. C., Cadmus, Ont., $2.50; The Young Ladies' Opportunity Club, Four Mile Brook and Rogers Hill, $15.00; W. E. Traill, Meskannon, Sask., $4.00; W. A. Sawtell, Gaspé, P.Que., $7.50; Smith's Hill W. F. M. S., Carlow, $3.00; Total.. .. .. .

LESSON,—SUNDAY, MAY 2, 1909.

Paul's First Missionary Journey.—Cyprus.

Acts xiii., 1-12. Memory verses 2, 3.

Golden Text.

Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature. Mark xvi., 15.

Home Readings.

Monday, April 26.—Acts xiii., 1-12.
Tuesday, April 27.—Isa. vi., 1-8.
Wednesday, April 28.—Isa. xl., 1-11.
Thursday, April 29.—Rom. x., 6-17.
Friday, April 30.—Luke x., 1-11.
Saturday, May 1.—Deut. xviii., 9-14.
Sunday, May 2.—I. Cor. i., 12-24.

FOR THE JUNIOR CLASSES.

Last Sunday we were speaking about how the little dandelion seeds got blown away by the winds, and we said that was like the way in which the Christians were driven out of Jerusalem by persecution. And we saw that the Christians were not angry about this terrible wind but just set to work to live for Jesus wherever they went. But is there any other kind of way by which seeds get scattered than just by a wind coming along and blowing them? Of course there is. Any one who has been on a farm has seen the farmer sowing the seed either by hand or by the machine that has been made for just that purpose. Now can Christians be scattered into the world like that, or do they have to wait for a wind of persecution to come and blow them every time? Certainly we should not wait for anything like a great wind, nor do we. Does anyone know what 'a missionary' means? It means 'one who has been sent out for some purpose, and Christian churches all over the world now have their missionaries sent out to preach the good news about Jesus in all the heathen countries. You remember how we said that Jesus said His followers are like good seed that He scatters in the world to grow for Him, and He has given His followers (all those who say they believe and trust in Him) a great command, that we have in our golden text for to-day. Let us all say it over together—'Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature.' 'Go ye', that means all of us; 'into all the world', that doesn't leave a single country out; 'to every creature', that means that God wants every man and woman, every little boy and girl, in the world to hear about Him. Now to-day we are to see how and when the great missionary, Paul, set out on his first missionary journey.

FOR THE SENIORS.

Look at the history of the first century of Christian endeavor: can it be doubted that had the church continued in the spirit then expressed there would not now have been before her the terrible problem of the heathen world of to-day? However, there is no need for dismay or trepidation. The same mighty weapons are still in God's armory for the use of the church to-day, and when Christians are ready for the work God is ready with the reward. It is notable that the modern objection, 'We have heathen at home; let us see to them first,' did not trouble the church that was earnestly waiting upon God in prayer. No church, however, could have better advanced such a seemingly logical objection, than this church in Antioch. For the city was a centre of some of the vilest of heathen practices, a large city of which the church could have, by now, obtained but the slightest hold, humanly speaking. Nor was that other cry raised, that cry which is a mockery to mere humanity, 'The heathen are well enough off, and if they never hear they will never have the sin of rejecting.' No, this early church was near enough to the Master to remember His command, earnest enough to seek His will in prayer, and generous enough to give of their best, for they sent Barnabas and Saul when the call for workers came. To-day's is the first of three lesson studies on this first missionary journey of St. Paul, and it would be well to have a simple map plainly marked by which to follow him on the way. The first point of attack was the old home of Barnabas (Acts iv., 36), and the home, also, of some of those who had first founded the church in Antioch (Acts xi., 20). It is an island of some 150 miles in length by 60 miles in breadth, and the two missionaries with their attendant did not leave it until they had gone thoroughly over the grounds (verse 6), news of their sayings and doings even procuring them an interview with the pro-consul.

(SELECTIONS FROM TARBELL'S 'GUIDE.')

Verse 3. When they had fasted and prayed. The source of the spiritual vitality and power of any Christian movement is prayer. Our hope and confidence in this enterprise of world-wide missions are chiefly placed, not in the extent and strength of the missionary organization; not in the number and power of the missionary force; not in the fulness of the treasury and in well-appointed material equipment; not in the achievements of the past, even those of a spiritual character; not in the experience acquired by centuries of Christian missions; not in the methods and agencies which have been devised; not in the brilliancy and popularity of the leaders of the missionary movement at home and abroad; not in statesmanlike and far-sighted policies and plans; not in enthusiastic forward movements and inspiring watchwords; on none of these considerations do we rely principally, for it is 'not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of hosts.' The source of the power of any spiritual movement is God, and the energies of God are released in answer to prayer.—John R. Mott, in 'The Pastor and Modern Missions.'

Delaying the Carrying out of the Command. Our belief that we are commissioned to give the gospel to the whole world is not yet a dominant motive in our life. We have believed it enough to give a little money, and send a few men and women to foreign lands. But we have not yet comprehended that the Church is primarily a missionary agency, and that we have been delaying instead of completing the charge of our Church's Lord for nineteen hundred years. What the Church is for is not chiefly to be a safe and comfortable nursery for believers in Jesus. It is to be a mighty army for the conquest of the world. Its richly provided home in lands already Christianized is to be the base of supply for an active and ceaseless campaign, in which the banner of the cross is to be carried everywhere over the wide world. The wealth with which the Church is endowed is not its own, but put into its stewardship, to be used for the Lord who bestowed it.—'The Presbyterian.'

Paying back a Debt. Our own ancestors were at once not much better than the heathen for whom our missionaries are now working. Caesar has described them, and has told how the women helped the men in battle. Our genealogical tree has been traced far back for us by a Brahmin. The high-caste Brahmins, you know, form the highest class of Hindu society, and regard themselves as superior to all other men. One of them, Narayan Sheshadri, in 1843 embraced the Christian faith and became a missionary among his own people. He visited this country, and at a church in West Philadelphia was introduced to the audience as an evidence that must satisfy every one of the value of Christian missions. In the 'Sunday-School Times' Dr. H. Clay Trumbull recalled the meeting and said: 'Narayan Sheshadri, in his imposing presence and dress, stepped forward, and, perhaps touched in his pride as a lordly Brahmin by the reference to his rescue and uplifting, said, as he looked down into the bright faces upturned to his:

'My friends, if I had ever had any doubt as to the value of Christian missions that doubt would be removed as I stand here and look into your bright and intelligent faces, and consider the facts in the case. When my ancestors were among the lordliest persons on earth, considering themselves, and being considered by others, as one with the gods, worthy of divine honors, your ancestors were among the most degraded of human beings, looked down on and despised by those of my race. Yet by Christian missionaries your fathers were sought out and won to Christ, and in consequence you now sit here, clothed and in your right mind, as a living proof of the value of Christian missions, concerning the interests of which we are to consult together this afternoon.'

That was a truth we do not always consider as we should. I recalled that when the Prince of Wales, now King Edward VII, visited India with Dean Stanley, it was said that the India officials sent into the jungle and lassoed a few specimens of the ancient race from which the English people are supposed to have sprung, and brought them in for the young Prince of Wales to look at. And it is owing to Christian missions and Christian missionaries that we are, under God, now above the level, or the low depths, of our ancestors. All the civilization and the refinement, and the Christianity, that we enjoy, and on which we, in a sense, pride ourselves, we, as a people,—with the exception of the Hebrew race—owe to this glorious agency. Since I heard that telling rejoinder by the Christian Brahmin, I am more ready than before to consider not only what is my duty to the cause of Christian missions, but what gratitude I should have to Christian missions in view of what they have done for me and mine.'

God does not want you in China if you can not witness in London: He has no use in India for one who is dumb in His own house.—G. Campbell Morgan.

If a man has any religion he must either give it away or give it up.—Archbishop Whately.

Junior C. E. Topic.

Sunday, May 2.—Topic—Daily Bible-reading. Acts xvii., 11. (Consecration meeting.)

C. E. Topic.

Monday, April 26.—The service. Isa. xlii., 1-7.

Tuesday, April 27.—The sacrifice of the servant. Isa. liii.

Wednesday, April 28.—My hope. Isa. ii., 1-5.

Thursday, April 29.—My King and his reign. Isa. xi., 1-9.

Friday, April 30.—My song of salvation. Isa. xii., 1-6.

Saturday, May 1.—My desert place. Isa. xxxv., 1-10.

Sunday, May 2.—Topic—Life lessons for me from the book of Isaiah. Isa. vi., 1-9. (Consecration meeting.)

Sunday School Offer.

Any school in Canada that does not take the 'Messenger' may have it supplied free on trial for three weeks on request of Superintendent, Secretary or Pastor, stating the number of copies required.

CANADIAN PICTORIAL

The following coupon is meant for use of our readers who already get the 'Messenger' through a club of Sunday School and who now wish to order the 'Pictorial' alone at the specially reduced rate of seventy-five cents a year to 'Messenger' readers.

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John Dougall & Son, 'Witness' Block, Montreal.

Enclosed find seventy-five cents (75c) which with this coupon will pay for a year's subscription to the 'Canadian Pictorial' (regular rate, $1.00), according to special offer made to 'Messenger' readers.

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This cut rate good for all Canada outside Montreal and suburbs, also places mentioned in list on second to last page.

Correspondence

ROYAL LEAGUE OF KINDNESS.

I pledge myself
To speak kindly to others,
To speak kindly of others,
To think kind thoughts,
To do kind deeds.

Anyone may become a member of the R. L. of K. by copying out the above pledge, signing and sending it to the editor.

PLEDGE CARDS.—For those who wish to have them, we issue neat and durable pledge cards, 4 inches by 6, printed in purple and white, and ready to hang on the wall. Single cards, five cents and two cents for postage; six cards to one address, twenty-five cents and two cents for postage.

BADGES.—We also issue for sale with the pledge card, if desired, a neat brooch pin of fine hard enamel, in the above design of a bow in our own league colors, purple and white. Single badge with pledge card, and postage included, twenty-five cents; five badges with pledge cards and postage included to one address, one dollar.

Mark all orders on both envelope and letter with the three letters R.L.K.

We are sorry that two of the names of our new members were misspelled last week; the names should have been Norma A. Baillie and Edith G. Calnan. Edith is one of our younger members and found it rather too hard to copy out the pledge, but when some one bigger had copied it out for her Edith signed her name to it very plainly, and as if she meant it. If there are little people who find it too hard for them to copy out all the pledge, why, we shall be glad to have them join the way Edith did. Now Edith has her pledge card, too, and on that all she has to do is sign her name.

Margaret Parsons, B., Ont., says 'I would like to join your Royal League of Kindness but we do not live in town, and there is no one in the country who needs help.' Surely, Margaret, one needs to be just as kind to one's own people as to strangers. Besides, our League does not mean that we have to do any big kind deeds, just the little kind deeds that anyone can do just in the home and school. Of course, if there came chances for doing big kind deeds any member would be glad to take them, but most of us live just where the little kind deeds are wanted all the time, and it is to help us all in the little kindnesses that we have formed our League. After all, don't we need to remember to be kind, more in our own homes than anywhere else? We think we know each other so well there, that a little unkindness doesn't much matter, but surely we should try all we can to be just as kind to those we love as to outsiders. A little girl that is 'at home all alone and sometimes very lonesome' might find her pledge help her to think kind thoughts when she wasn't feeling very much like it.

Our new members this week are Jennie Macphail and Violet Menzies, V., Man., and Bert Shanks, W., Man., three from the one province.

Dear Editor,—I am going to tell you about a nest of rabbits that I saw not long ago. As I was going through a field to a neighbor's I noticed some little white thing under a bush, and when I looked, there, all curled up, were three little rabbits. The mother had been away for food for them. I wish you could have seen them; they were so cute. I think the Pansy Blossoms were just lovely, so did our little friends, and the brooch was just beautiful. I guess I will have to close as I am going to make my letter too long if I go on.

JEAN McEWEN.

W. B., N.S.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm, and just across the road is a lovely lake. There is good skating in the winter, and in the summer I sail my toy boat which is sloop rigged and painted green and white. From a hill at the back of our house we have a view of the ocean for miles around. Don't you think, Mr. Editor, this an all-round place?

ARCHIE E. WOLFE.

F., C.B.

Dear Editor,—I attended the Presbyterian Sunday School here and got the 'Northern Messenger' all the time and liked it very much. I had to stop on account of breaking my leg, but my teacher was kind enough to keep on sending me the paper. I would like to join the Royal League of Kindness, and I am sending the pledge on another page.

ANGUS M. MacLEOD (aged 13).

OUR PICTURES.

1. 'A Flag.' Minnie Stiles (age 10), C. M., N. B.
2. 'House.' Laura Davidson (age 12), C., Ont.
3. 'A Monkey on a Bike.' Julia MacEachern, R. P., P.E.I.
4. 'A Flower.' Grace Price (age 9), P. C., Ont.
5. 'A Flag.' Gerald Large (age 5), L., Ont.
6. 'A Western Rancher.' K. A. McKiggan (age 16), M. C., N.S.
7. 'The Stag.' Willard Dunning (age 11), C., Ont.
8. 'A Sailboat.' Willie MacGregor (age 13), V., Que.
9. 'Little Boy Blue.' Annie C. Steeves (age 9), M., N.B.
10. 'Barn.' H. S. L. (age 8), L., N.S.
11. 'Umbrella.' Edith Buchanan (age 10), A., Ont.
12. 'Onion.' Laura Murrell, C. H., Ont.
13. 'Union Jack.' Linden A. Fusee (age 10), M., Ont.
14. 'Not Bacon.' Fred de Gex, K., Ont.
15. 'A Drake.' Marjorie Moore (age 8), Toronto.
16. 'Bird.' Blanche E. Eagles (age 11), F. I., N.S.
17. 'A Flag.' Ernest Grant, A. H., Ont.
18. 'The Jolly Man.' Stanley Wickett (age 9), S. T., Ont.

OTHER LETTERS.

Edna D. Price, B., N.S., tells about a carnival at which she represented a little sailor girl. 'The girl who got the prize was very pretty. She got a pair of nickle-plated skates. I have had a bad cold and had to stay home from school this week.'

Edna M. Gilbert (age 8), L. R., Que., says 'One of our neighbors had a surgaring-off to-day. We saw some big tame bears go by our place.' Were they off to join in the good times, Edna?

Herbert Selden Lewis, L., N.S., thinks 'it is pretty near sugar making and I will have a good time. The sap ran well to-day.'

Mary Jane Brodie, B., Ont., also writes 'We tapped some trees to-day and they are running splendidly.' Mary answers Mary S.'s riddles (April 9)—1. Turkey. 2. A Clergyman. She also sends this riddle: If you saw a bird sitting on a twig and you wished to get the twig without disturbing the bird, what would you do?

Ivan Thorne, B., Ont., says 'We had two factories and sold both and bought a farm.'

Muriel Eggleton, H., Ont., writes 'I was baptized on New Year's evening 1909.' That was a very nice time at which to start fresh, Muriel. We will publish your letter about the rabbits later.

'Who Wins the Prize?'

A splendid competition is now open to all boys (outside Montreal) who sell the 'Canadian Pictorial' (10 cents each copy). Valuable prizes will be given over and above all premiums and commissions for the largest total sales of the April, May and June issues, which will each be ten cents. To give all a fair chance, we have made three classes: 1. For boys living in Canadian cities (outside Montreal); 2. For boys in towns; 3. For boys in villages and rural districts. There will be a first and a second prize in each class; the same in kind, but the second prize not quite so costly as the first, of course. These prizes will be overriding prizes, so that every boy knows that he gets full reward for every bit of work he does whether he gets one of these prizes or not, for the prizes will be extras over and above all premiums, commissions or what not.

The first prize will be your choice of:—1. A Rugby or Association Football; 2. A Fishing Rod and Tackle; 3. A No. 2a Brownie Camera with films, etc.; 4. A special quality watch and chain; 5. A selected baseball outfit.

In each case we undertake to give good $4.00 value as a first prize, for with our special purchasing advantages we can do far better for our boys than they could do with the same money, and we give them all the advantage.

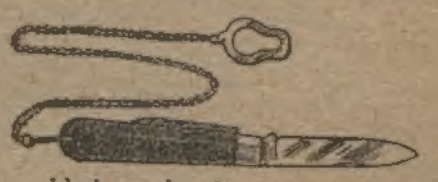
The second prize will be your choice of five similar articles, but up to the value of $3.00 only. Where money prizes are preferred, we will give as a first prize, THREE DOLLARS in cash; for a second prize, TWO DOLLARS in cash.

Moreover, we have arranged to make it easier than ever to get the same fine quality premiums. For instance, the rubber stamp with your name and address, along with a self-inking pad, we now give for selling only NINE (instead of fourteen) copies at 10 cents; the very same watch for eighteen (instead of twenty) and so on.

Write us for a package to start on, and full particulars of our premiums, competition, etc., etc.

Address, JOHN DOUGALL & SON, agents for the 'Canadian Pictorial,' 'Witness' Office, Montreal.

Premiums! Premiums!!



Two blades, hard wood handle, good steel. Chain and swivel to prevent its getting lost. A splendid knife for a school boy. Given for ONE RENEWAL and ONLY ONE NEW subscription to the 'Messenger,' each at 40 cents. John Dougall & Son, 'Witness' Block, Montreal.

BOYS AND GIRLS

The Old Mill.

(By Laura Winnington.)

Stream that hastens from the hill,
Tarry here to turn the mill.
Rainbow drops the seedlings knew
In the shower and the dew,
Once again your magic lend,
Life into the mill wheel send.
Nature, the all-bounteous mother,
Beast and bird, and man their brother,
Through the spring and summer weather
Steadily have worked together.
E'en the earthworms in the soil
Give their share of patient toil.
Sturdy oxen drew the plow
Where the stubble standeth now.
Horse and farmer reaped the grain
From the sunned and watered plain.
Now upon the old mill's floor
Lies the yellow harvest store,
Till the all-transforming wheel
Turns the kernels into meal.
All have helped to give the bread
Over which the grace is said.

My Old Shells.

(Uncle Tom, in the 'Christian.')

Many years ago when I was a boy I made my first trip to the Continent, and, among other places, I visited the French village of Gravelotte. Some of you who know your history-books will have read of the great war between France and Germany, fought in the winter of 1870-71, in which the loss of life was terrible on both sides; and Gravelotte was the battlefield on which one of the most serious engagements took place, while the Germans were forcing their way to capture Paris.

So five years later my father took me to see some of these places, where the remains of the ruin and devastation were plainly visible, not only in outlying places, but in beautiful Paris itself.

While crossing some waste ground at Gravelotte I found two 'shells,' such as are used in war, and which sometimes split into pieces when fired, and do terrible damage. One was a French and the other a German one; and with some difficulty I managed to take them home to keep as curiosities. They were very rusty and dirty-looking; but as in a bull-dog 'its beauty is in its ugliness,' so the appearance of these shells was to some extent their recommendation, for it showed they were the 'real thing,' and not merely articles 'got up for show.' You can imagine my chagrin, therefore, to find one morning that our industrious housemaid had 'carefully black-leaded them,' 'to make them,' as she said, 'look respectable'! However, there they were, all shiny and neat, and I had to be content. So they remained to adorn my bedroom until I had a house of my own; then they were transferred to my study, where, 'harmless and beautiful they lay,' as ornaments in the fireplace.

But the other evening a strange thing happened, which meant for me a very narrow escape from injury, if not death.

I had had them for over thirty years, and, having found them on the battlefield, I had always taken it for granted (a foolish thing to do, I admit) that they were either unloaded or had been discharged. Not having enough asbestos for my gas-fire, and the room being very cold, I conceived the brilliant idea of putting these shells in the grate to bank up the asbestos, thinking they were 'only iron,' which, when red-hot, would give out additional heat. So you can picture me sitting writing in front of the fire, with my feet near the grate; but perhaps you cannot quite picture the sudden and awful BANG with which one of the shells exploded! Out went twenty-three panes of glass (two of them large 'plate' ones), the glass falling into the garden twenty-five feet away; a servant on the landing was knocked flat, a chest of drawers was thrown into the bath in an adjoining room, and various articles of furniture upset in the room above. But, by the mercy of God, I received no injury whatever, though it seemed a veritable miracle that I escaped.

Now why do I tell you this, boys and girls? Not, you may be sure, from any boastful motive, for my stupidity in placing the shells on the fire, 'without being sure' they had been discharged, is certainly nothing to boast of. No, my first object is to ask you to join me in praise to God for my deliverance, and to make this public acknowledgment of His great kindness. And further, to see what we can learn from this (to me) memorable incident.

A friend said it reminded him of a verse in Proverbs which speaks about 'answering to a fool according to his folly,' as the shell answered me! It was a bit unkind of him to put it that way, wasn't it? though I could not help admitting it was reasonable. But I have thought of a better text than that, in which David praised God because 'He hath not dealt with us after our sins, nor rewarded us according to our iniquities' (Psa. 103. 10). The goodness and long-suffering of God, in view of our manifold transegression, are indeed among the most wonderful of all His wondrous works. We are often disappointed in earthly things when we 'don't get what we expected'—sometimes it is just as well that we don't—but in very many ways God deals with us much more generously and patiently than we have any right to expect, and certainly far more so than we deserve. Let us thank Him for it.

You may be sure I shall 'not repeat' the foolish act which so nearly cost me my life. Thus there are two reasons why we should avoid sin—the risk of it to ourselves, and the ingratitude to God of which it makes us guilty. Danger is never a pleasant experience, and we like to avoid it all we can; but the 'consequences' of sin are not so grave or serious as its 'guilt.' Some boys and girls only avoid sinful acts for fear of being 'found out,' and because they dread punishment. But 'sin' is 'sin' just as much if it is 'not' found out or punished. The 'sin itself' will bear 'its own fruit'; for it is as true of sin as it was of God's work in Nature (Gen. I. 11) when He made 'the fruit-tree,' whose 'seed' is 'in itself,' yielding 'fruit after its kind.' Thus, although a boy may thieve, and his theft remain undiscovered, yet he 'becomes a thief,' for nothing can stop the law of 'cause and effect' from taking its course.

Familiarity with sin may lessen 'our sense' of its evil, but it cannot lessen its actual guilt any more than the wearing of dark spectacles can dim the actual sunlight. Nor does ignorance of what sin will lead to lessen its terrible results, as many a boy or girl and man or woman have learned to their cost.

Remember, then, that Satan adopts all sorts of treacherous devices and deceitful arguments for leading souls astray. But God has given us His Holy Word to be 'a lamp unto our feet and a light unto our path' (Ps. 119. 105), that so, being not ignorant of Satan's devices (II. Cor. ii., 11), we may heed the counsels of God and turn at His reproof. Only in so doing, can we claim the Divine promise: 'The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil; He shall preserve "thy soul"' (Psa. cxxi., 7), which is even more important than the preservation of the body.

When Blue Turned Red.

(Mabel C. Jones, in the 'Christian Union Herald.')

'It is too exasperating for words;' Maidie was looking out of the window at the driving rain that was rapidly turning the smooth stretches of snow into deep rivers of slush. 'Rain at this time of the year! Who would ever have anticipated such a thing?'

'It is rather unprecendented, that's a fact,' Uncle Jack agreed, 'but why do you object so seriously?'

'Uncle Jack'—there were volumes of reproach in Maidie's voice—'have you forgotten that our sleighride party was to have been this evening?'

'I had forgotten, that's true, Maidie; but can't you have some fun in another fashion?'

'We certainly can't go to Cousin Amanda's as we had planned to do; we couldn't even drive there in this weather—and we were to have had such piles of fun?'

'Have it anyway, and'—Uncle Jack's voice fell to a lower key and took on a note of significance—'be sure to take Sydney into the fun, too, whatever it is.'

'Sydney'—Maidie was still looking out of the window—' he does not care for the things that I do.'

'Try to make him, then, girlie; I am only an old bachelor and I don't know the right thing half the time to do for you two children; I wish, as I never wished before, that your parents were alive.'

Maidie whirled from the window. 'I—I—don't understand.'

'Haven't you seen how Syd is drifting away from us? Whenever it is possible he has some excuse for staying at home from church and Sabbath school; his interests are not ours. He grows further from us each day. You know, surely, that he spends the greater part of his time with the Regan boys—and I do not approve of them.'

'I should think not;' Maidie's tone was scornful; they are low boys, vicious and horrid. I don't see how Syd can endure them.'

Uncle Jack rose from his chair.

'Run opposition to them. Surely you possess as great powers of attraction as two illiterate, unprincipled fellows. You can do more for Syd just now than I can. Forget how blue you are and contrive some means of keeping Syd at home to-night.' Then Uncle Jack left the room. He was sufficiently wise to know that enough had been said.

Maidie certainly was feeling blue, 'blue as indigo,' she would have declared, but her uncle's words gave her something new of which to think; was Syd really drifting so far away from home and all pure influences? Could she do anything?

* * * * * *

The early dinner was almost over that night when Maidie turned to her brother with an appealing air. 'Syd, will you help me make candy to-night? Our crowd was to have had a sleighride, you know, but that is out of the question now. Let us have some fun making candy and cracking nuts; we can have some songs afterwards. I want to forget how blue I am.'

'You surely are blue if you fall back on me as a last resource. You are not often so hard up for company.'

Syd's voice was gruff and unpromising. Maidie felt a thrill of actual terror. How the boy had changed for the worse in the last twelve months! A year ago he would have as soon offered her physical violence as to have addressed her in such a manner. She had been blind and selfish and self-absorbed she told herself bitterly.

Nothing of all this, however, appeared in her voice as she answered her brother, 'I could easily telephone for some of the girls to come over, Syd and they would be glad to do it despite the rain; but I felt that I would like just a good old-fashioned time with you—and with Uncle Jack later if he will condescend to help us with the singing.'

'Better telephone, then.'

Syd's voice had lost a shade of its gruffness, but there was little relenting in it.

Uncle Jack quietly came to Maidie's rescue.

'I have business that will take me out for the evening, and I'll feel much better if you will stay here with your sister, Syd; you will hardly fancy it a hardship, I suppose, I notice that the young people like to come here, and Maidie can probably entertain you as well as she does her other callers.'

'We'll play that you are a caller, Syd,' the girl struck in quickly; she did not want her brother to make any reply quite yet. She rattled on, hardly knowing what she was saying, feeling only that she could not let Syd leave the house that night.

Syd could not tell what magic was used, but he was in the midst of active preparations for the evening's fun before he quite realized that he had committed himself. And he had an engagement with Rob Regan, too!

Maidie, going to the next room for a moment, heard her brother step swiftly to the telephone. She waited in suspense. What was he going to do?'

'Hello! Rob there? — all right! — Say, I can't come to-night — No I can't; that's all there is to it. What? Yes, I have something else on hand. Sorry! Yes, I'll see you to-morrow.' Then the receiver was hung up. Maidie breathed a sigh of relief that was a prayer of thankegiving.

'I must be bright and cheery and entertaining and lively,' she whispered to herself;

'I intend to cut those boys out—I must! I must!'

Maidie was pretty and bright and winsome, she could chatter in a very lively fashion at times, and she was really witty. This evening she deliberately tried her best to attract and hold and keep Syd. If other boys liked her society, why should not her own brother?

And Syd found himself enjoying the evening immensely. He had expected to be bored, but, of course, he could not leave Maidie alone when her uncle spoke in that fashion!

The candy was made, the nuts cracked, hands washed, and the two were just turning to the piano when Uncle Jack appeared.

'See what I have? Some oysters! We are going to be very gay and frivolous to-night. I feel about sixteen myself. Put them in the ice box, Maidie, and after we have had some songs we'll get out the chafing dish and see what you and Jack can do with it. I feel like having a "spread" to-night.'

'That sounds good,' Sydney said with interest; 'let me try my hand at the oysters all alone, will you?'

'If you think that you are equal to them, my boy. Now for the songs!'

Much later that evening, after Syd had said a cheerful, happy 'good-night' and gone to his room, Maidie flung her arms around Mr. Seymour's neck. 'We kept him, didn't we, uncle? I never noticed how he was drifting from us until you called my attention to it. I feel—I honestly do feel—that I can keep a hold on Syd, with you to help me. This has been a red-letter day for me, Uncle, although I was so blue this morning, and please God,' she added softly, 'I'll never let go of him again.'

The Overcoming Side.

(By Ruth Kent.)

Faith dropped down on the couch in Aunt Serena's room, the picture of discouragement; there were even traces of tears.

'Oh, dear me, auntie, I've gone and lost my temper again! And over such a miserable little thing—just because Norah starched my white waist, when I specially asked her not to. I told her I was sorry afterward, but it doesn't alter the fact that I nearly took her head off first. That's the third time this week I've done it, too—lost my temper, I mean. There isn't a bit of use trying, I don't believe I'm a Christian at all.'

Aunt Serena laid down her book.

'So you have decided to give it all up, have you?' she asked, quietly.

Faith looked up with startled eyes. 'Why, I didn't exactly mean that; but, honestly, I can't see that I'm much different from what I was before, when I can get mad so easily. There are lots of other places where I slip, too.'

'And so, as the Lord hasn't helped you at all, you think there really is no use trying?'

'Oh, auntie, what dreadful things you say! Of course he has helped me, and I wouldn't give up for anything in the world, only——'

'Only you thought He was going to make a perfect girl of you all in a minute; and, when he didn't do it, you are discouraged. Now, see here, deary,'—Aunt Serena's voice grew very sweet and tender—'if you weren't a Christian, I don't think you would be so sorry for the wrongdoings, and you wouldn't try so hard not to repeat them. That is the only true sorriness there is—the kind that makes us turn away from the sin; and, when we have that kind, it is a pretty good sign that our hearts are getting right. We mustn't expect to get our full growth in a day, any more than we would expect a tiny seed to become a beautiful, blossoming plant between sunrise and sunset.'

'But you would like to be able to see that you are growing a wee bit,' said Faith, mournfully.

'Of course we would, because that is the proof of life. But we must not be too sure that we are not when we cannot see the change minute by minute. We have to be very patient with some of our plants, and judge them by months and years rather than days, to see what effect God's rain and sunshine are having upon them. I don't quite agree with you about your not being different from the girl you were a year ago. You have been counting up the failures till they seem enough to hide everything else. Now, let us see if we cannot find some overcomings to count up.

'Take this piece of paper and write down all the times you can remember when you have been tempted and haven't yielded. Think hard now, and remember them all!'

There was silence for a long time. Faith sat buried in thought, every now and then seizing her pencil and writing rapidly for a minute. Aunt Serena read, her eyes often turning to Faith's slowly brightening face. At last their eyes met. There was a smile in Aunt Serena's and an answering smile grew in the girl's.—Selected.

Two Little Chicks
by Mrs. M. F. Butts
OUT on the sunny lawn
Two little chicks:
One lightly steps about,
Scratches and picks,
Looking out for himself,
Mother's care scorning;
Yet, dear, this bold chick
Was born since morning.
Dressed all in dotted down
The first of these chicks;
The second in petticoats
Tumbles and kicks.
What is the reason
He cannot go?
I am certain he was born
A whole year ago!
Little chick in dotted down,
You are ahead;
Getting all your own meals,
Running home to bed—
That's because you are made
On a little plan;
But it takes a long, long
Time to grow a man.
E.T. WOOLF

—'Junior Brooklyn Eagle.'

Lost in the Woods.

(A True Story of Thirty Years Ago written by One whose Sabbath School paper was the 'Messenger.')

May, beautiful May everywhere. Soft green tender grass carpeting roadside and meadow, upland and valley; bursting buds on every tree, and happy birds caroling from every bow; but dearer still, and more delightful to the two little girls in my story, was the fact that the wild flowers in the wood, were blooming in great abundance, and a long promised treat was near at hand. Mabel Dennis and Allie Martin, little girls of ten and eleven years, were schoolmates and bosom friends, and lived just across the road from each other, in one of the pretty, picturesque country villages of Western Ontario. Mabel's uncle, Mr. Hadley, was section foreman on one of our great railway lines, and lived in the 'section house' about a mile and a half from the village. At that time these houses were built at a certain distance apart, irrespective of situation, and sometimes the situation was somewhat lonely. The house in which Mr. Hadley lived was about half a mile from the main road, and faced the south. Away to the north stretched well-tilled fields, and verdant pasture lands, but to the south lay a large tract of then unbroken forest. To spend a day with Mrs. Hadley, to have a romp with her roguish, good-natured baby-boy, and to gather wild flowers to their hearts content; this was the treat to which the little girls had been looking forward for some time. And now the day had come; a Saturday in May, warm, bright, and sunny, and two very happy little girls set out for their walk. As the greater part of this walk lay along the railway track, they were cautioned over and over again, by their parents, to look out for trains, and over and over again, promised to be watchful. It was still early in the day when they arrived at Mrs. Hadley's home. Baby Frank was delighted to see them, and showed his appreciation of their visit by clapping his tiny hands, and using such expressions as his limited vocabulary of eighteen months could command. They romped and played with him out in the warm sunshine, rolling about on the soft grass, and laughing at his baby tumbles. His little black dog, Trip, completed the party, joining in all their sports, and apparently enjoying them as thoroughly as did the children. Presently Mrs. Hadley called them to dinner, and you may be quite sure they were all ready for that part of the day's enjoyment. After dinner was over, however, it was rather an unwilling little boy that mamma carried away for his mid-day nap. But wearied with play he was soon sound asleep, and Mrs. Had-

ley said, 'Now is your time to gather flowers, girls. Baby will sleep a couple of hours; you will be in by that time, and all ready for another play.' 'All right, Aunt Mary, and may we take Trip with us?' said Mabel. 'Oh, yes!' replied Mrs. Hadley. 'I don't suppose he will pick many flowers, but he will enjoy going just the same; and now girls,' she continued, 'be careful not to go too far in the woods; you might get lost, you know.' 'Oh! we couldn't get lost, Mrs. Hadley,' said Allie confidently; 'we could hear the trains passing, and see the smoke, you know.' Mrs. Hadley smiled at the child's eagerness, but nevertheless repeated her caution, and giving them a basket in which to carry flowers, watched them climb the fence into the wood, and then returned to her work. The children were wild with delight. Every mossy bank was a mass of bloom. Pink May-flowers, blue violets, lilies red and white, golden adder tongues, and to all of these Jack in the Pulpit was preaching on every side. Eagerly they ran from one to the other, Trip dancing about them in doggish glee, catching twigs in his mouth and racing out into the forest, then back again, barking in sheer delight. They went on and on, until the basket they carried was filled with flowers, and then they sat down on a mossy bank to sort them over and enjoy a rest before going back to the house. As they were arranging their treasures, the rumble of a passing train fell on their ears, and Mabel, for the first time, looked around her to see where they were. 'That train sounds a long way off, Allie, and I can't see the smoke,' she said, a trifle anxiously. 'I hope we haven't come too far in the woods.' 'Oh, no!' said Allie, the trees are so thick here Mabel, that is the reason we can't see the smoke, it can't be very far off, for we've only come a little way. Its right over there, listen!' continued the little girl pointing in the direction, from which the sound seemed to come. Mabel was easily convinced for the time, and went on contentedly arranging flowers, and gathering moss to put around them in the basket. A large pine log athwart the bank, and they amused themselves by cutting their initials with a sharp stick, upon its decaying surface. 'Oh! I'd like to stay here all day; isn't it lovely, Mabel?' said nature-loving Allie. 'Yes,' answered Mabel with a long-drawn breath, 'but I guess we'ed better go now. Frank will be awake, and Aunt Mary may be anxious if we stay longer.' They picked up their basket, swinging it merrily between them, and started in the direction from which the sound of the train had seemed to come a short time before. 'Where's Trip?' said Allie, 'why there he goes, Mabel, in another direction.' 'Here Trip!' she called, he came bounding back, and stood for a moment looking into their faces, and wagging his tail, as if he were saying, 'why do you go that way?' Our little friends had reason to interpret his mute language later on, although it did not occur to them then. They trudged on through the forest, and for a little while chatted merrily, trying to imitate the birds' sweet notes, and laughing at the antics of chipmunk and squirrel, when these were startled by Trip's sharp barking. Suddenly, on rising a little knoll, they found themselves on the edge of a deep ravine. Trees grew very thickly on its steep sides, so thickly that the sun's rays could not penetrate their branches, and to the two startled little girls, looking down into its depths, it looked awsome and dark and lonely. They turned and looked at each other for a moment, and then as the fact dawned upon them, that they were lost in the forest, and did not know which way to go, a look of terror crept into little Allie's blue eyes. The wood had looked so beautiful a half an hour before, but now to the frightened child it seemed like a great, dark, gloomy prison, and she burst into tears. Those tears roused all the courage in Mabel's nature. She was a whole year older, and much the stronger physically, of the two; and she felt instinctively, that getting out of the present trouble depended largely upon herself. 'Don't be frightened, Allie, don't cry,' she said, taking Allie's hand, reassuringly; 'I've heard Uncle Hadley speak of the gully and I think its west of the house. We'll turn and go east and we'll be sure to come out somewhere.' 'But which way is east?' said Allie, bravely trying to suppress her tears, 'even the sun has turned around, and it seems to be away in the north.' Mabel could not help but laugh in spite of her own fears, at the idea of the sun going to the north. The laugh did them both good. They turned their backs on the ravine, and walked resolutely in the opposite direction. They were two very sober little girls now, as they walked along, even Trip seemed to share their trouble, for he walked beside them very quietly, forgetting to chase the squirrels, or bark at flying birds. After walking, for what seemed to them a long time, they came suddenly to a standstill, looking at each other again in astonishment; and again Mabel, who had the happy faculty of seeing the humorous side of everything, burst into a merry laugh. 'Why, Allie!' she said, 'here we are, back to our log again. Here are the flowers we threw away, and here are our initials. We've just gone round in a circle.' 'But how will we ever find the right way out, Mabel?' said timid Allie, who was too thoroughly frightened at the situation to see anything humorous in it; 'I have heard my papa say that when anyone was lost in the woods they would just keep right on walking and walking and come right back to where they started; and Mabel, what if we should do that? just keep on walking, and coming back to this log every time until it gets dark. Oh, what would we do, then?' and here the little girl's tears burst forth afresh. 'Oh, don't cry, Allie dear!' said Mabel, again suppressing her own fears to comfort her friend; 'it's a long while until dark, and someone who knows the woods would surely come to look for us before that. But hark! I hear another train, let's see if a little smoke does not come through the trees somewhere.' But though they strained their eyes, no smoke could be seen, owing to the fact that the wind carried it in the opposite direction; a fact, however, which did not occur to them at that time. As for the sound, it seemed to come to them from all over the woods at once. As the train passed, a new hope dawned in Mabel's heart. 'Oh, Allie-' she said softly, 'do you remember what our teacher said last Sunday. She told us, whenever we were in trouble to go right to God and tell Him all about it, just as we would to papa or mamma, and He would be sure to help us some way. Let's tell him now, Allie.' 'Let's do, Mabel,' said little Allie, and together the children knelt on the mossy turf, and bowed their heads on the old pine log, and an earnest prayer went up from two anxious little hearts, straight to the heart of the great loving Father whose watchful eye was over them all the while, and who, in His wisdom, was allowing them to meet this little experience, that their faith in Him might be strengthened to meet life's severer tests. Mabel's clear sweet voice prayed earnestly, 'Dear God, Allie and I are lost in this big woods, and we don't know which way to go to get out. Please, God, help us to take the right direction out to the railroad track. Don't let us go wrong again, for Jesus' sake, Amen.' And Allie's trembling little voice responded, 'Amen,' too.

'Well,' said Mabel hopefully, as they stood side by side again, 'We'll try another direction, Allie. We went that way before; don't you remember going under that old bent tree? But where's Trip? There he goes, out towards that tall stub again.' 'Oh, Allie!' she continued, a sudden thought striking her; 'don't you remember his going in that direction when we started the other way before. That way don't seem right to me, but dogs hardly ever get lost, you know. Let's follow him, anyhow.' So they turned about and followed the dog, who barked with delight when he saw them coming, and raced on before at a pace that made it hard for them to keep up. In a very short time they could see a clearing before them. A few moments more and the telegraph poles came in view over an embankment, and they knew they were nearing the railway, but they were much surprised on reaching the track to find themselves nearly a half mile east of the house, when they supposed they were west. As they climbed down the embankment to the track, Mabel said quietly, 'Allie, don't you think we ought to thank God for answering our prayer?' 'But!' said Allie, half doubtfully, stooping to pat Trip's shining coat, 'it was Trip who showed us the way out.' 'Yes I know!' answered Mabel, 'but it was God who made Trip know the right way, and made us think about following him, 'cause you know, we didn't think of such a thing until after we asked him to show us the way out.' 'So we didn't,' said Allie; 'let's thank him now,' and again two little girls knelt reverently against the railway embankment, and with grateful hearts thanked God for His guidance and care. When they reached the house they found that baby Frank had been awake for some time, and Mrs. Hadley was growing very anxious. She could not leave Frank to go in search of them, and was glad, indeed, to see them returning safe and sound. They related their experiences to her, and Trip was fondled and petted, and called 'wise doggie' to his heart's content. 'But, Aunt Mary,' said Mabel, 'I don't believe we would ever have thought to follow Trip, if we hadn't told God about it, and asked him to show us the way out.' 'God always takes care of those who trust Him, Mabel,' said Mrs. Hadley as she kissed the earnest little faces.

Mabel and Allie have grown to womanhood now, and both have little girls of their own; but they have never forgotten that day when they were lost in the woods, nor how God came to their help so quickly in answer to prayer. The memory of that little experience has strengthened their faith in many a severer trial. Mabel, in relating it to her own little daughter years afterwards, said, 'I learned that day, dear, that God has ways and means of answering prayers that we do not dream of. The answer does not always come just as we are looking for it; but if we are in earnest it always comes in His own way, which is far better.

M. C. H.

AN EMPIRE NUMBER

To Canada belongs the honour of leading in the Empire Day celebrations, now so universally kept up throughout the length and breadth of His Majesty's vast dominions. It was a Canadian lady who first suggested such a day; it was in Canada that it first came into vogue, and it is fitting that the **'CANADIAN PICTORIAL'** for May should be an **Empire Number.** From the handsome cover, showing the renowned man-of-war, the 'Dreadnought,' to the very last page this theme will prevail, though current world happenings will not be overlooked.

The music, too, will be of a patriotic character. Watch for later announcements.

10 Cents a Copy

A Splendid Flag of real wool bunting given to every boy or girl who sells only 20 copies at 10 cents each. This is a grand chance to be up and doing to have a good flag to hoist for Empire Day.

THE PICTORIAL PUBLISHING CO.,
142 St. Peter st., Montreal.

Sweet Violets.

What a welcome sight it is, in the dewy freshness of a spring morning, to see sweet violets nestling among the moss and fern. Oh! how eagerly little hands grasp the flowers, that breathe such fragrance, even for days, after they are taken from their mossy home.

Every one loves the sweet, modest, dark purple violet, that has always to be sought for, never putting itself forward for admiration.

There is a pretty fable told of a sweet violet speaking to a white butterfly one beautiful summer day, which tells us of patience and humility.

The little white butterfly was feeling very discontented with things in general, and lighting on a brilliant scarlet poppy said to it, 'Oh, I would be happy if I had such a lovely color as you have, my white wings look so soiled in the sun.'

But the poppy said, 'Don't envy my color; it is so hot-looking to wear a scarlet dress in summer.'

The butterfly, getting no comfort there, flew away to a violet that was blooming at the root of a stately tree, whose leaves were sheltering it from the heat.

'Now,' said the butterfly, 'I would be quite contented with my lot if I had only your pretty blue color.'

So the violet raised its head and said, 'Your snowy wings are beautiful, and can bear you over fields and valleys in the summer day, while I am quite contented with my color and my place, for God has made us 'what' we are, and placed us 'where' we are, so it must be right.'

We hope he flew home a better and a wiser butterfly, after his visit to the sweet violet—'Sunday Reading.'

The Magic Mirror.

(M. Fielder, in the 'S. S. Times.')

'I don't care, it's mean of you to take the last apple in the dish, you're very, very selfish.'

'And you're cross, which is just as bad.'

'Children,' called grandma.

The two pairs of bonnie brown eyes drooped. It was a pity to let grandma see how naughty they could be on her first visit to them. But the beautiful old face was peaceful and smiling when the twins slowly crossed the threshold of the sunny, flower-scented sitting-room.

'Dearies, I have a story to tell you, snuggle up close and let's away with the fairies,' and the girlies snuggled close, for fairy-stories were always 'lovely.'

With an arm about each, grandma began, 'Once upon a time there was a Fairy who was known as the Fairy of Smiles. Wherever she went she carried with her a tiny mirror framed in gold, and when she saw little children with frowning faces and tear-filled eyes, she would hold the mirror before them and the cross looks soon took wings and flew away, for no one likes to gaze at his own scowling reflection.

'One day two little sisters were disputing over a very small matter and angry words were passed back and forth,' the twinnies looked very sober, but grandma went quietly on, 'just as one wee sister raised her hand to slap the other, a tiny ladykin dressed in gauzy white with curly hair and sweet blue eyes came into the nursery with the magic mirror in her hand, and in a tinkling voice, said, 'Please glance into my mirror, girlies.'

The small sisters peeped shyly into the highly polished mirror and then turned quickly away—did those clouded faces with the angry eyes belong to them?

'You do not like to see yourselves as others sometimes see you, do you, dears?' and the Fairy of Smiles popped the mirror into its chamois bag.

'I never knew we looked like that,' said one little sister softly, while the other one whispered, 'I'm sorry.'

Then the fairy drew the mirror from the bag and held it again before the twin sisters. What a change. The two faces were dimpled and sweet and sunny—the eyes bright and dear and loving.

'I like us better this way,' said the twin with the curly hair. 'So do I,' echoed the one with the brownest eyes. Then they threw their arms about each other and hugged tight and were as happy as two kittens.

'Dearies, how would you like a magic mirror?' asked grandma.

'But there are no fairies,' said Beatrice doubtfully.

'I think perhaps I could play at being a fairy,' returned grandma with a smile, 'for I have a mirror.'

'Oh, please show it to us,' cried the twins.

Grandma opened her trunk which stood close by, and took from it a small square box. When she removed the cover, Beatrice and Barbara saw a shining mirror, framed in gold.

'Oh, oh, oh!' burst from the red lips.

'Now, lovies, I am going to give you this mirror which I want you to ask mamma to hang in your room, then when you feel tempted to disagree, before you say one angry word, go and look in the glass—will you both promise to do this?' and grandma waited.

'Yes, grandma,' the little maids promised.

And that is why Beatrice anl Barbara are better and happier little girls, because when they feel cross, they run to the magic mirror and instantly the frowns and tears fly away, and smiles and gay dimples take their place.

The Pussy Willow.

A pussy willow grew on the bank of a little brook.

She had lived there ever since she was a baby; and now she had babies of her own.

One day she heard the gruff voice of the north wind, afar off.

So she stood quite still and listened. This is what he said:—

'I must visit the pussy willow and her family before long; but I must wait for a sharp, cold night, before I go.

'Then I will sweep over her home, and puff out my cheeks, and blow with all my might.

'And when morning comes she will not find a single baby-bud on her boughs. Won't that be fun?'

And with that, he danced and capered about, and whirled himself round and round.

And at last he grew so very jolly that he sent a thick cloud of dead leaves and broken twigs all along his path.

Not many days after this he started for the home of the pussy willow.

But behold! He found every baby-

bud wrapped in a mantle of soft mouse-colored fur that was as soft as silk.

And this was not all; for over each little mantle, there was spread an over-coat of thick brown waterproof.

Now when the north wind saw what the mother willow had done, you may be sure he danced and howled with rage.

Then he blew and blew, and puffed and puffed, till he nearly split his cheeks.

But it was of no use, at all; for he could not so much as touch one of the baby-buds with his cold breath.

And there stands the pussy willow and her family now. So, if you will take a walk along the banks of the little stream where she lives, you will see them all.

You will see, too, that her babies are well wrapped up in a mantle of thick fur.—'Canadian Teacher.'

The Violet's Answer.

(By Garnet Thompson, in the 'Sunbeam.')

Little blue violet,
Down in the dell,
There by the brooklet,
What can you tell?

How did you know, it was
Time for to grow?
Were you not buried
Under the snow?

Why! Springtime whispered.
Her birds did sing:
'Wake! little violet,
It's spring! It's spring!'

Cocoa-nut Milk.

'I like to have,' said Mr. Mouse,
'Inside my cellar shut,
Where during summer 'twill keep cool,
A nice large cocoa-nut.

'Then when I'm thirsty and would like
A draught of milk, mayhap,
I merely have to go, you see,
Downstairs and turn the tap!'

—'Little Dots.'

THE WOMEN'S EDITION OF THE 'WITNESS.'

Every reader of the 'Messenger' will want to see this wonderful 'Witness' when it comes out in May. Montreal readers can buy it at any newsdealers. Out of town readers desiring to secure one or more copies should order direct from the 'Witness' Office.

Five cents for each copy wanted, to be sent to any address in Canada outside Montreal; United States postage, two cents extra; foreign postage, five cents extra. Stamps accepted. Send remittances to JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Dept. C., 'Witness' Office, Montreal.

THE TWO LIMERICK CONTESTS

To stimulate interest in the Women's Edition and also to gather in the many little donations towards the Playgrounds Fund, two Limerick contests have been arranged. The results of both contests together with the best last lines and the brightest and cleverest original Limericks will be given in the Women's Edition and will undoubtedly form one of its most interesting sections.

REMEMBER! The time for Limerick entries EXPIRES APRIL 30! If you've not sent in your entry do so AT ONCE and be sure that you send with it, a donation of ten cents towards the Playgrounds Fund.

HOW WOULD YOU END IT?

Oh, the Montreal women are bright,
They will edit the 'Witness' some night.
The next day our old town
Will be turned upside down.

Contest No. 1

This will be for the best last line to be submitted as an ending to the incomplete limerick printed at the top of this announcement. Fill out the coupon printed below and enclose ten cents, in coin or stamps, as a DONATION to the Playgrounds Fund. Send it in as soon as possible, for all entries will be numbered as opened, and should two persons hit on the same line, the first in order will be the only one for whom that ending will count. Entries in this competition must be addressed:

Aunt Limerick,
Care The Women's Edition,
'Witness' Office, Montreal.

Contest No. 2

Besides prizes for the best last lines to the above, prizes will be awarded for the best wholly original Limerick on the Women's Edition, in which the words, 'Women' and 'Witness' must appear. These Limericks must also be accompanied by ten cents as a donation to the Playgrounds Fund, and must be received before the end of April, but in this case the address will be:—

To the Editor,
Original Limerick Competition,
Care the Women's Edition.
'Witness' Office, Montreal.

N.B.—The same person may send in as many entries as desired for either or both competitions—the more the merrier, but to count for the prize each entry. must be accompanied by ten cents as a DONATION to the Playgrounds Fund.

THE PRIZES.

The Prizes will be awarded as follows:

For Last Line Limericks

One	First Prize
One	Second Prize
Twenty-five	Third Prizes
Fifty	Fourth Prizes

For Original Limericks

One	First Prize
One	Second Prize
Five	Third Prizes
Ten	FourthPrizes

Aggregating Ninety-Four Prizes, value over $150.00.

More prizes are given in the 'Last Line' contest, as that will naturally attract more entries, but for that very reason it will be easier to win the prize in the 'Original Limerick' contest for those who enjoy the fun of writing verses and have the happy knack.

The prizes will be:—

FIRST PRIZE.

One 3-yard best quality Canadian flag, (British manufacture), of real double-warp wool bunting, canvas bound, roped and toggled, all ready to hoist.

SECOND PRIZE.

One 2-yard Canadian flag, quality identical with above.

THIRD PRIZE.

One year's subscription each to 'World Wide' and the 'Canadian Pictorial,' to be sent either to his own or any other addresses the winner designates.

(To Canadian addresses outside Montreal, one six months' subscription to the 'Daily Witness,' or one years's subscription to the 'Weekly Witness' may be substituted for either of the above.)

FOURTH PRIZE.

One year's subscription to either 'World Wide' or the 'Canadian Pictorial,' to be sent to any address the winner designates.

(To Canadian addresses outside Montreal, one six months' subscription to the 'Daily Witness,' or one year's subscription to the 'Weekly Witness' may be substituted for the above.)

In sending in your version of the last line use the following coupon and send it with 10 cents in coin or stamps, to 'Aunt Limerick,' Women's Edition, 'Witness' Office, Montreal.

N. M. **How Would YOU End It?**

Oh! the Montreal women are bright
They will edit the 'Witness' some night,
The next day our old town
Will be turned upside down

Name..

Address (in full)..

Date..

P.S.—I enclose ten cents as a donation to the Playgrounds Fund.

Temperance

From the Tiger's Den.

In the Indian meeting when we were on duty before the enemy occasionally, we put our ears to the ground and listened to hear —if we could—the enemy approaching. I have had my ear to the ground lately and report the following. The tiger said to her cubs one evening:—My cubs I am going to tell you a story to sharpen your appetites while I wait for the right time to go and get your suppers. In the world that you have not seen yet, there are a great many two-legged creatures who call themselves men, a number of them has been after me all day to kill me, they are engaged by a white man to do this, as he says he wants my skin to take home with him to his country, he says I am a man killer therefore I should be killed. He is now sitting upon a tree some distance from here in the jungle, and he got some of the natives round here by paying them money, for nothing is done among these poor creatures without money; to fasten a goat near the tree he is up in, and he thinks that I will go and get it and he will kill me with his shooting stick that he has up the tree beside him. This white two-legged creature is from a place called Canada and he gets his money, for he is considered very wealthy there, from making a stuff they call alcohol, a great many of these silly creatures are very fond of it, and give him all the money they have or can get by begging or stealing. When they drink it, it makes them what they call angry, their heads seem to get too heavy and they stagger round and are not able to stand up. I have killed some of these creatures round here when they were like that, although there are not so many such silly creatures round as in the country where he comes from. Then they fall down drunk as they call it, they are much easier killed than a goat or a donkey, but they smell bad and when they use tobacco as well; they smell very bad and don't taste nice, but if I can get my paws on this white man I will not mind the smell of him. As I told you, he says he has come to kill me because I am a man killer, but he poisons more in a day with his alcohol than I could kill in a year. He has man traps all over the towns and countries where he comes from to tempt the silly creatures in to drink this stuff that first robs them of what little head of reason they have, and then they want more, more, and he wants more, more money, and they starve their cubs and sometimes beat and kill them when they are crazy with this stuff. These silly creatures that call themselves wise men often appoint these men who make this poison to help to make their homes for them, because they are wealthy and have what they call a pull, on account of having so much money, and they, of course, help to make laws that they can poison more and be considered very great men. Then when some of the saner people want to close up some of these man traps they raise a great howl that that is robbery and should not be allowed. They call these people that want to close up their traps fanatics, that is a word they use when they want to make it appear that the persons are crazy, and should not be listened to and should be put out of the way. They used at one time to kill the people they called fanatics by roasting them in a fire till they were dead, but now I believe they call these people that were roasted to death heroes and martyrs. That is the kind of silly people they are. They claim that they are creatures that reason and say that we brute creatures only have instinct, but we are not silly enough to drink the alcohol which this wise man makes who is sitting up the tree waiting for me to come. He has some of his alcohol with him and drinks a little now and again to keep his courage up poor creature, he has not very much of it, but that will muddle those wonderful brains of his presently and he will go to sleep. Then I will go and bring the goat for your suppers, and perhaps himself, too, if he should fall off the tree. That would be the right kind of compensation to us for his coming here and trying to kill me. He and his creatures that he hires to sell his poison in their man traps raise a great howl when the fanatics try to close up any of the traps and cry that they ought to get compensation if that is done. My instinct tells me that all these traps should be closed up, and these men who make a business of making and selling poison, should be given to us to eat, and their money given to the cubs of those they have poisoned. These creatures say that they worship the Creator, but He made us, gave us strength, courage, cunning and appetite, and placed us here where we can use all these, but He did not tell these two-legged creatures to make stuff to poison, and make paupers and idiots of their fellow creatures. They have to build immense big cages all over the country he comes from to hold crazy creatures in; who are made crazy by the alcohol which this creature and others have become wealthy in selling. He is going to sleep now and I will go and get your suppers.

A Destroyer of Young Men.

(Andrew Carnegie.)

The first and most seductive peril, and the destroyer of most young men, is the drinking of liquor. I am no temperance lecturer in disguise, but a man who knows and tells you what observation has proved to him; and I say to you that you are more likely to fail in your career from acquiring the habit of drinking liquor than from all other temptations likely to assail you. You may yield to almost any other temptation and reform—may brace up, and if not recover lost ground, at least remain in the race, and secure and maintain a respectable position. But from the insane thirst for liquor escape is almost impossible. I have known but few exceptions to this rule.—'National Advocate.'

Mr. Justice Walton on Drink and Crime.

The committee of the Royal Courts of Justice and Legal Temperance Society held a social meeting recently in the Old Hall of Lincoln's Inn. Mr. Justice Walton who presided, said the society had a long record of good work and included among its members total abstainers and those who were not abstainers but who were impressed by the terrible consequences of intemperance. His experience as Recorder of Wigan and Judge of the High Court since 1901 led him to the conclusion that more than 99 percent of the trials for crimes of violence had their origin in intemperance. Habitual offenders also who were constantly sent to prison for small pilferings were, in a large number of cases, victims to a craving for drink.

Fortune knocks at every man's door once in a life, but in a good many cases the man is in a neighboring saloon and does not hear her.—Mark Twain.

WHY ECZEMA PATIENTS SUFFER

No Wonder They Despair—But Cure Has Now Been Found.

It is a strange thing about eczema.

After wasting money on nostrums, dosing the stomach or smearing on greasy salves for years, many a skin sufferer gives up in despair. He says:

'What is the use, some may be cured, but my case is hopeless.'

But a trial of the simplest remedy—just a little oil of wintergreen properly compounded (as in D.D.D. Prescription) will wash away that itch. In fact, it will take away the itch IMMEDIATELY, the instant D.D.D. is applied.

Read this letter from Mrs. G. J. Hutton, of Renfrew, Ont.:

'Jan. 15, 1909.

'Since I was a child nine years old (and I am to-day thirty years old) I have suffered with Eczema in my hands. I have spent money on all kinds of medicines and ointments, but I find nothing equal to D.D.D. I have used five bottles, and to-day my hands are perfectly healed. I shall never be without it in my house, and will always recommend it to my many friends and neighbors who suffer from this awful torture, Eczema.'

Now, if there is anyone in your town suffering with eczema, ringworm, tetter, psoriasis or poison ivy, tell this sufferer not to sit back and say: 'I have tried everything, there is no cure for me.' Tell him to write for free sample bottle of D.D.D. Prescription to The D.D.D. Laboratory, Department N. M., 23 Jordan Street, Toronto.

For sale by all druggists.

..HOUSEHOLD..

'MESSENGER' PATTERNS

FOR THE BUSY MOTHER.

The home dressmaker should keep a little catalogue scrap book of the daily pattern cuts. These will be found very useful to refer to from time to time.

2550.—Child's apron.—This pretty little model is a charming design for heavy linen, chambray, Indian-head cotton or lawn, trimmed with braid or buttonholing. Five sizes, 1 to 9 years.

2395.—Girl's and child's one-piece dress.—This is an excellent model for challis, cashmere, albatross, or gingham, chambray, batiste or lawn trimmed with bands of a contrasting shade of a similar material. Six sizes, 1 to 11 years.

2160.—Ladies' chemise or combination corset-cover and short petticoat, slipped on over the head.—Nainsook, batiste, Persian lawn or China silk are suitable materials for this garment. Four sizes, 32, 36, 40 and 44.

2755.—Ladies' semi-princess dress.—Closing at back and having an attached nine-gored skirt.—This is a charming model and one that is suitable for wool batiste, cotton voile, Henrietta or any soft finished material on that order. Seven sizes, 32 to 44.

Always give the size wanted as well as number of the pattern, and mention the name of the design or else cut out the illustration and send with the order. Price of each number 10 cents (stamps or postal note). The following form will prove useful:—

Please send me pattern No. ....., size ....., name of pattern ....., as shown in the 'Messenger.' I enclose 10 cents.

Be sure to give your name and address clearly.

Address all orders to:—'Northern Messenger' Pattern Dept., 'Witness' Block, Montreal.

BARGAINS IN BOOKS.

Only 15 cents each, two for 25 cents, postpaid.

1. Cook Book, 700 Recipes. 2. Fancy Work Manual.
3. Knitting and Lace Making. 4. Modern Etiquette.
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1371

ORANGE MEAT LEADS

IN a long series of digestion experiments carried on by Professor Harcourt, of the Guelph Agricultural College, with the Human Subject, taking all the necessary precautions to insure accuracy, he determined the digestibility of various cereals and furnished the following results:

Percentage of the constituents digested:

	Organic Matter.	Calories per gram.
Orange Meat	93.4	3,733
White Bread	58.1	2,468
Entire Wheat Bread	94.8	2,256
Graham Bread	92.5	2,296

According to his determination, ORANGE MEAT is 50 percent. more valuable as a food than bread.

To persistent users of **ORANGE MEAT** a large reward is offered. A private post-card in every package of **ORANGE MEAT** gives details of how to get a cash prize of Seved Hundred Dollars, or a life annuity of Fifty-Two Dollars.

If you enter this contest, send post-card to Orange Meat, Kingston, giving full name and address, and mention the paper in which you saw this advertisement.

IT'S EASY TO MAKE MONEY

SELLING our 5c. and 10c. Seed Packages. All your friends and neighbors want them for Spring planting. Boys and girls make $6 to $12 a week after school and on Saturdays. Agent in re-ordering says: "Seeds sell like wildfire." Don't wait until too late, write at once to

ONTARIO SEED CO.

111 KING ST., WATERLOO, ONT.

Church Chime Peal **BELLS** Memorial Bells a Specialty

McSHANE BELL FOUNDRY CO., BALTIMORE, MD., U.S.A.

The Home That Makes the Right Kind of a Boy.

(By Professor Francis G. Peabody.)

A good boy is the natural product of a good home, and all the efforts of philanthropy to make boys better are consciously imperfect substitutes for the natural influences of a healthy-minded home. The great and overshadowing peril of a boy's life is not, as many suppose, his bad companions, or his bad books, or his bad habits; it is the peril of homelessness. I do not mean merely homelessness having no bed or room which can be called one's own, but that homelessness which may exist even in luxurious houses—the isolation of the boy's soul, the lack of any one to listen to him, the loss of roots to hold him to his place and make him grow. This is what drives the boy into the arms of evil, and makes the streets his home and the gang his family, or else drives him in upon himself, into uncommunicated imaginings and feverish desires. It is the modern story of the man whose house was 'empty,' and precisely because it was 'empty,' there entered 'seven devils' to keep him company. If there is one thing that a boy cannot bear, it is himself. He is, by nature, a gregarious animal, and if the group which nature gives him is denied, then he gives himself to any group that may solicit him. A boy, like all things in nature, abhors a vacuum, and if his home is a vacuum of lovelessness and homelessness, then he abhors his home.

You cannot possibly have a better Cocoa than

EPPS'S

A delicious drink and a sustaining food. Fragrant, nutritious and economical. This excellent Cocoa maintains the system in robust health, and enables it to resist winter's extreme cold.

COCOA

Sold by Grocers and Storekeepers in ¼-lb. and ½-lb Tins.

HATCHING EGGS FOR SALE.—A limited number of hatching eggs for sale. Silver Spangled Hamburg hens, bred by Shoemaker. Splendid laying strain, non-setters, beautiful plumage, and in every way satisfactory. Price $2 for 13 eggs. C. A. PORTEOUS, 46 Quinn avenue, Longueuil, P.Q.

Mending Lace Curtains.

If your lace curtains are badly torn when they return from the wash try mending them this way: Buy some plain curtain net in about the same sized mesh as the groundwork of your curtains. Cut pieces sufficiently large to overlap the holes, dip each in cold starch; lay the curtain on an ironing board wrong side up. Place a piece of net carefully over a hole, and iron with a moderately hot iron till quite dry. Do the other holes in the same way. If curtains are sufficiently long it is sometimes possible to cut a sufficiently large piece either from the top or bottom to do the patching.

An Old-fashioned Nut Cake.

Two cups of sugar stirred to a cream with three-quarters of a cup of butter, a cup of rich milk, a teaspoon of soda, four eggs, four scant cups of flour, and a teaspoon of cream of tartar. A cup of hickory nuts, chopped very fine, is stirred through the cake just before it is put in the oven. It should be baked in large, brick-shaped loaves: iced with a thick icing, through which half a cup of hickery nuts have been stirred.

Synopsis of Canadian Northwest Land Regulations.

ANY person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years old, may homestead a quarter-section of available Dominion land in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta. The applicant must appear in person at the Dominion Lands Agency or Sub-Agency for the district. Entry by proxy may be made at any agency, on certain conditions, by father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of intending homesteader.

Duties. — Six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each of three years. A homesteader may live within nine miles of his homestead on a farm of at least 80 acres solely owned and occupied by him or by his father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister.

In certain districts a homesteader in good standing may pre-empt a quarter section alongside his homestead. Price $3.00 per acre. Duties—Must reside six months in each of six years from date of homestead entry (including the time required to earn homestead patent), and cultivate fifty acres extra.

A homesteader who has exhausted his homestead right and cannot obtain a pre-emption may take a purchased homestead in certain districts. Price, $3.00 per acre. Duties—Must reside six months in each of three years, cultivate fifty acres and erect a house worth $300.00.

W. W. CORY,
Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.

N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

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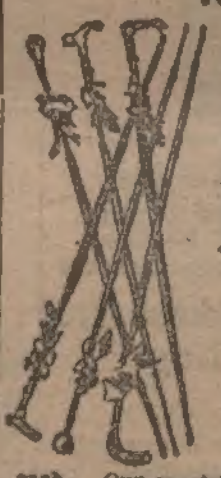

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